

TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court.
Robert C. Jackson, Judge; H. Rane Harman, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday in April, 4th Monday in August and 1st Monday in December.

County Court.
J. H. Stuart, Judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—Tuesday after 3rd Monday in each month.

Officers.
Jno. T. Barnes, Com' th. Atty.
Jno. W. Crockett, Sheriff.
James Bandy, Deputy Sheriff.
R. K. Gillespie, Treasurer.
H. F. Brittain, Auditor.
H. G. McCall, Deputies.
S. S. Williams, County Surveyor.
Address, Pounding Mill, Va.
P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools.
Address, Snapps, Va.

THE CHURCHES.

STRAS MEMORIAL EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Divine Service—First and Third Sunday days of the month at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Holy Communion—First Sunday at 11 a. m.
Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.
A hearty welcome is extended to all.
Rev. W. D. Bracken, Rector.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Public worship of God on the 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 A. M., on the 2nd and 4th at 7:30 P. M.
Meeting for prayer, Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Meeting of Epworth League each Monday night at 7:30 P. M., the third Monday night of each month being devoted to literary work.
A most cordial welcome is extended to all.
ISAAC P. MARTIN, Pastor.

Baptist Church Services.

Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.; preaching 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m., and on 2nd and 4th at 7:30 p. m.; prayer meeting every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; Missionary Society 2nd and 4th Sundays at 4 p. m. All are invited to attend. Strangers welcome.
W. C. Foster, Pastor.

Lutheran Church.

Services at the Lutheran church at North Tazewell every 1st and 3rd Sunday at 11 a. m.

SECRET ORDERS.

CLINCH VALLEY
COMMANDERY, NO. 20,
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
Meets first Monday in each month.
JAMES O'KEEFE, E. C.
W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

O'KEEFE ROYAL
ARCH CHAPTER
NO. 26.
Meets second Monday in each month.
O. G. EMBERSWILLER, H. P. W. G. YOUNG, Secretary.

TAREWELL LODGE
NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets third Monday in each month.
O. G. EMBERSWILLER, W. M. W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

TAZEWELL TABERNACLE, PILGRIM KNIGHTS.
Meets 4th Monday in each month.
JAMES O'KEEFE, Chief.
W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

BLUEGRASS LODGE, NO. 142, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Tuesday night. Lodge room over Post & Wingo's store.
A. S. HIGGINBOTHAM, N. G.
H. R. DODD, Sec'y.
J. R. CRAWFORD, S. P. G.

TAZEWELL ENCAMPMENT, NO. 17, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday night in hall of Bluegrass Lodge, No. 142.

W. D. BUCKER, C. P. A. S. HIGGINBOTHAM, A. W. LANDON, P. C. P. Scribe.

LAWYERS.

J. S. D. MAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the courts of Appomattox, Wytheville, and Federal courts at Abingdon. C. J. Barnes, John T. Barnes.

BARNES & BARNES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the courts of Appomattox, Wytheville, and Federal courts at Abingdon. C. J. Barnes, John T. Barnes.

CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county, and in the courts of Appomattox, Wytheville, and Federal courts at Abingdon. J. W. Chapman, A. P. Gillespie.

FULTON & COTTELL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the courts of Appomattox, Wytheville, and Federal courts at Abingdon. J. H. Fulton, J. W. Cottell.

GREEVER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the courts of Appomattox, Wytheville, and Federal courts at Abingdon. L. Greever, B. Gillespie.

REO. W. ST. CLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the courts of Appomattox, Wytheville, and Federal courts at Abingdon. Attention paid to the collection of claims. Office in Stras building.

H. C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the courts of Appomattox, Wytheville, and Federal courts at Abingdon. Collecting a specialty.

VINCENT L. SEXTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the courts of Appomattox, Wytheville, and Federal courts at Abingdon. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office in Stras building.

W. B. SPRATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Richlands, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims.

J. H. STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Land titles in McDowell and Logan counties, West Virginia, a specialty. Office in Stras building.

HENRY & GRAHAM, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va. Office in building near Court House. R. R. Henry, S. C. Graham, R. W. Stras.

MRS. R. J. LEWIS,

Fashionable Milliner and Dress-maker,
West Main Street, Tazewell, Va.
A full line of Millinery and Trimmings.

THE COW-BELLS.

Not because of their own music
But from the music of the bells,
With their jingle, jangle, jangle,
As up from woodland tangle
Beats and tolls come home.

Meadow's heard that's sweeter
Swelling from the bushes' throats;
But from the country peace and quiet
Mingled in the cow-bells' notes,
With their jingle, jangle, jangle,
As up from woodland tangle
Beats and tolls come home.

Possibly because I'm weary
Of a city's ceaseless strife,
That my heart awakes out in longing
For the quiet rural life,
Where with jingle, jangle, jangle,
From lowland, dale and dingle
All the cows come home.
—Elizabeth D. Preston, in Every Where.

TRUTH AND HONOR.

"I HATE lies!" said my sister one day.
"Perfectly proper, Nell," said I.
"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord," too.
"Well, I really can see no excuse for a lie."

"Can't you? I can. Unwarranted curiosity about one's private affairs. For instance, you must surely recall the time that prying Miss Staples asked you if you were engaged, before a soul knew of your engagement outside the family. Do you remember what you said?"

My sister blushed. "Yes—I lied."
"Did, Nell; and it was a justifiable act, too!"
"I'm not sure of that. I think, if such an instance should occur now, I could escape with neither confession nor lies."

"Possibly—"
"I always did try to speak the truth," continued Nell. "But I believe I dislike lies much more since I have children. I do so hate to have them untruthful."

I laughed, recalling some of little Frank's lies, and previous occasions. "Did you have such a siege of it with Doris?" I asked.

"Doris has had her time, but the motive in her case was a different one. Frank is ingenious, and originates a lie to gain some end, principally for the pleasure of his stomach. Doris is tempted by fear, or rather shame, because of some naughty thing she wishes to hide."

"Do you mean that she still does it?" I asked, in surprise, not having noticed anything of the kind in the five years old.

"Yes; occasionally; but I can generally get her to be perfectly truthful by not making too much of the offense she is trying to conceal. She understands now that I can endure the knowledge of any sin if she is straightforward in confessing it. It surprises me, however, that it should take so long to teach my children to be truthful."

"Perhaps you are reaping the harvest of your lie to Miss Staples!"
"Don't!" said Nell, shivering. "That, really, I have tried so constantly never to be severe with Doris when she tells me of wrong-doing that I cannot understand why I must still handle her so carefully. Often I must coax the truth from her, but I never consciously let her go without getting her to tell me it all."

"Both the children have good imaginations," I said.
"Yes; but they rarely are untruthful from the impulse of that alone. A few times they have told me of events that I knew had not occurred; and I have said at the end: 'That's a make-believe story, isn't it?' And they admitted it frankly enough."

"Then, too, don't you think children sometimes dream things that seem to them true?"
"Undoubtedly, we must make allowance for that."

"Well," I said, "Doris and Frank trust you implicitly, Nell; and that will certainly make your task easier."
"Yes," said my sister, looking pleased. "I think they do trust me, and they ought to. I have never consciously told either child the whitest kind of a lie. How could I expect them to be truthful if they heard me say what was not true? As it is, I believe when they are older they will grow to love truth as much as I do. We often talk about fairies and brownies, and they understand these are creatures of fancy. And, perhaps, as something more of a reality, we have looked upon Santa Claus. For I want my children to believe in him, but that I know he is not a half believe in the jolly old man myself. But last Christmas eve Doris said, as I undressed her: 'Is Santa Claus really or believing, mamma?' And could I do? Was I to tell my child a lie merely to give her a little more fun?"

"I know well enough what you did," I replied.
"Of course," I said, "it's only believing, Doris, like the brownies." "Who gives us the presents, mamma?" Doris asked. "Oh, papa and mamma and friends," I answered. "But I want you to get just as much fun out of it as if it were true. So when you wake up to-morrow and find your stockings full, I hope you'll say, just as if it were true: 'Goody, goody! Santa Claus has been here and filled our stockings.' 'I will, I will,' said Doris, laughing gleefully. And so she did."

That night, as the children were entering their supper in the nursery, their mother and I sitting in an adjoining room, Frank called out:
"Mamma, Doris just took an answer spoonful of jam."

"I didn't," said Doris.
"There it is," said Nell, getting up. Presently I heard her in the nursery, asking cheerfully:
"Most through supper, children?"
Then the voices rippled on, evidently discussing indifferent subjects. With some curiosity I arose and looked in through the door. Nell stood beside the little table, one hand gently stroking Doris' head.

"Would you like some more jam, Doris?"
"No, mamma."
"She took," began Frank.
"You needn't tell me," said his mother.
"Doris will, I'm sure. Don't say anything that isn't true, darling; it would make me feel so badly. Did you take some jam?"
"Yes, a little."
"Did you have all you wanted? Wouldn't you like some more?"
Then Nell kissed her, saying, "I'm so glad you told me the truth," and immediately began talking of other things.

My sister's comment on the matter later was this:
"Of course, the principal thing is to get them to be truthful. Jam is entirely unimportant compared with truth."
When later we went down to tea we saw Doris' doll on a chair in the dining-room. "Don't let me forget," said Nell. "I promised to put Rosie in the playhouse before I went to bed."

A RIDE FOR LOVE.

By GEORGIA CUSTIS.

IT WAS a cool, clear day in late August. The season at the Heartwood Lake Hotel was at its height, and the landlord smiled complacently as he issued orders for extra beds to be prepared in billiard-rooms and hall-boys were kept busy replying to the continuous whirling of electric bells. It was mid-afternoon, an hour when most of the guests of the hotel had retired to their rooms for the siesta which had become a habit during the warm days of the earlier summer.

The interest of the few loungers on the broad piazza was centered for a moment on a group of bicyclers, or more of whom were gathered in front of the hotel, ready for a ride of 30 miles to a famous resort where they were to dine, returning by moonlight. It was an animated scene, and a young man who was in the act of descending the stairs to join the party, paused a moment at the door, looking down on the group of men in golf stockings and knickerbockers, and girls in short skirts or flaring bloomers. His eye rested longest on one of the girls who was standing somewhat apart from the others, talking in a low voice to a tall, blond man whose eyes were fastened eagerly upon her face.

She was simply attired in well-fitting gray cloth with a jaunty cap crushed down upon the rebellious dark curls of her small head. Henry Sutton, watching her unobserved, thought he had never seen her look more charming, and he sighed and frowned as he turned away and mingled with the group at the foot of the piazza steps.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, mentally. "I believe she is beginning really to care for that fellow; he is not fit to breathe the same air with a girl like Rose Milner, yet what can I do? I have said all I dared, and what has been the result? She has made her look like a real woman, and she has been so happy, while I—well, if I didn't happen to worship the ground she treads on, it might be easier to be misunderstood," and Sutton put an enormous energy into the pumping of the deflated tire of a wheel belonging to a plain, shy girl who was starting with some trepidation on her first long ride.

"You go with Doris," said Nell. "But I will stay here. Frank is little that he might think I had failed to keep my promise did I budge from the spot."

Then, humorously, she drew with her paravel a circle about her in the grass. We did not wait long for Frank. I said to him: "You see mamma kept her word and waited for you." "Course he did!" said Frank. "I would be 'shamed of her if he didn't!"

I carefully watched my sister through the remainder of my visit and I never heard the slightest prevarication from her, although, now that my mind had been specially directed to the subject of truth telling and the keeping of promises, I was filled with horror the prevalence in other families of the apparent belief that no responsibility is to be attached to lies or breaches of honor with little ones.

I heard mothers say: "If you do that again you can have no candy to-day." And the box of candy would be brought by the delinquent and paraded before my very eyes.

"Where is my baby sister?" said a little tot one day to his mother. "I don't know," said she. "Perhaps God has taken her away. You know you struck her." And the little sister was at the time enjoying her customary carriage ride in the care of the nurse girl.

"Does it taste bad?" said Doris, drawing back, as her mother was about to give her a spoonful of medicine.
"I don't like it," said her mother. "But perhaps you will not mind it. When I have to take it I swallow it as quickly as I can."

"No matter how desirable the end may be," my sister often said, "no lies, no lies!"

Nell and I looked down from a window upon the children one day, as they played with little neighbors; and we heard Tommy, who lives next door, and is a year older than Doris, say: "Let's come and ask your mother; she won't fool us." And it seemed to me that out of the mouths of babes Nell's praise was perfected.—Christian Register.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The silkworm is liable to over 100 diseases.
A traveler can journey round the world in 50 days.
Of the earth's surface, 1,000,000 acres are devoted to tobacco culture.
The German emperor owns 365 carriages for the use of himself and court.
Bamboo pens still retain their hold in India, where they have been in use for more than 1,000 years.

According to oculists, poor window glass is responsible for eye strain, on account of the faulty refraction.
It takes 37 specially constructed and equipped steamers to keep the submarine cables of the world in repair.
Experiments seem to show that a large ocean steamer, going at 19 knots an hour, will move more than 20 miles after its engines have been stopped and reversed.

The gravel which Washington used when he laid the corner-stone of the national capital is in the possession of Potomac lodge of masons. It is in a perfect state of preservation.
The gold yield of Victoria during the first seven months of the present year amounted to 47,120 ounces, showing an increase of 6,010 ounces as compared with the same period of 1897.

Railway wheels made of leather have been experimented with in France.
Maine is again to enter the list of copper mining states. The deposits, which are numerous and valuable, were worked more than 25 years ago, but a sudden decline in the price of copper made them unprofitable; improved and cheapened method of production is the cause of resumption of work.

Mushroom Sauce.

Prepare the mushrooms by cutting off the stalks and placing them in boiling water. Season with salt, pepper and butter. Boil until tender, and thicken with a teaspoonful of flour and a small piece of butter. Add a few drops of lemon juice, and pour the whole over slices of steamed bread.

A Necessary Precaution.

Ic—I'm glad you're not a new woman, dear. They are blatant and superficial; and a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.
She—Yes, indeed. Er—is your life insured, dear?—Illustrated American.

Infant Terrible.

"When you cough you should hold your hand over your mouth, dearie!"
"Why, mamma, my teeth don't fly out!"—Megendorfer Blatter.

CHICKEN SAUERKRAUT.

Chickens, sauerkraut.

"I wonder if street railways have any such things as conscience funds?" asked her husband at dinner the other evening. "Because, if they have, I'm going to mail one of them a cent."

A WOMAN'S CONSCIENCE.

It tricked her after she had played a shrewd trick on a conductor.

"I wonder if street railways have any such things as conscience funds?" asked her husband at dinner the other evening. "Because, if they have, I'm going to mail one of them a cent."

"Well," she said, "I called upon Mrs. Gliglamps this afternoon. You know she's moved away over to the West end. After I came away, possessing a sort of feeling that I wasn't particularly strong in a monetary way, I looked into my purse as I stood waiting for the car. My suspicion had been correct. I had only four pennies. Now, you know that I couldn't go into a drug store and ask the proprietor for a penny—I might have been arrested for begging! I don't think I could do that. I was just as I was, of course, impossible for me to walk home from Mrs. Gliglamps. So I evolved a crafty scheme—really, I begin to grow ashamed of the awful things I think of in emergencies—and I put it into effect."

"What God, he is not making her out," she added. "We must get her back to the hotel, where there are several good physicians, you know."

Sutton was amazed at her composure. "You are quite right," he said. "He must be taken back—somehow."

And then she reminded him that a short distance back they had passed a farm wagon drawn up under the shade of a tree, while the driver indulged in an afternoon nap.

"I will wait with Mr. Converse," she said. "You go and return and bring back the wagon."

She was kneeling beside the wounded man, trying to staunch the blood which flowed from the ugly wound on his head. Her dress was spattered with crimson stains, her hat had fallen off and she was very pale, but as Sutton still hesitated she looked up with a ghost of the old brilliant smile.

When Sutton returned with the kind farmer and his wagon he said, quietly: "I think it would be best for me to ride on ahead to the hotel, and get things ready for your coming."

"Decidedly," she said, emphatically. "You can do nothing further here, much perhaps there."

When he had made the necessary preparations for the reception of the wounded man he rode back to join the little party in the farmer's wagon. Converse was still unconscious when he was carried to the hotel, and after a very brief examination the surgeons reported that he was still suffering from a compound fracture of the skull. It was necessary to perform the operation of trepanning without delay, and in the wounded man's room the preparations went quietly forward.

Miss Milnor had removed her blood-soaked garments and taken up her position near the door of the sick chamber, a pale ghost of her former self, while Sutton strolled restlessly up and down on the piazza. He was trying hard to crush down the thought which kept rising in his mind, that it would be better for Rose if Converse should never rally after the first operation.

"She loves him; I am sure of it now," he groaned, "and he is so unworthy of her. I could give her up if it were for her happiness, but to see my darling married to a rake and fortune-hunter like Converse!"

He felt a light touch on his arm, and he turned in surprise to find Rose standing beside him, pale and trembling.

"Oh, Mr. Sutton!" she said, speaking in quick gasps, "a dreadful thing has happened. By some mistake the ether used in the operation has given out. The surgeon's work is only half done, and Mr. Converse is regaining consciousness. They must have more ether at once—I told them I knew you would go to the drug store near the railroad station—remember, his life depends upon your quick return."

Before she finished speaking Sutton was flying down the road on a wheel. The big office clock struck seven as he started and the drug store was over a mile away. It was well that the rider did not have time to think he was riding to save the life of the man who stood between him and the woman he loved, but she had asked him to go—the life of the wounded man was precious to her, and he sped on through the gathering twilight.

Fortunately, the druggist was standing on the steps of his little shop, and Sutton shouted directions to him as he approached. In less than two minutes he was speaking to the doctor, and the other swinging from the handle-bar of his wheel, and as he sprang off at the door of the hotel, the hands of the office clock pointed at nine minutes past the hour.

It was Rose who took the ether from his hand, whispering:
"I knew you would do it," and she hastened away to the scene of the grim battle between science and death.

Half an hour later the surgeon came out of Converse's room smiling encouragement, and Rose turned to Sutton with a long sigh of relief. They walked out together on the deserted piazza, and when they had walked a little way in silence Rose suddenly placed and held out her hand with characteristic impetuosity.

"Will you forgive me?" she faltered.
"What have I to forgive?" he asked, gently.
"Much," she said, and when he would have protested she shook her head. "You must let me explain," she said. "When Mr. Converse first came here I liked him and—let me tell you—when you apparently did not, I thought that you were harsh in your judgment of him, and unfair in speaking of him as you did. But," she paused a moment and Sutton wondered vaguely what was to follow—"this afternoon I discovered that you were right. Mr. Converse did not act like a gentleman; he had been drinking, I think," she shuddered. "Don't ask me to explain, but his words and manner surprised and repelled me, and when you joined us I was much relieved—and glad."

Her voice sank almost to a whisper and she covered her face with her hands, but Sutton drew them gently away.
"Miss Milnor," he began, "Rose, do I understand that things are not—as I had thought, between you and Converse?"
"I do not know what you thought," she said, and a mischievous smile played about the corners of her mouth. "Rose, don't tease!" he pleaded. "If you really do not care for Converse, oh, Rose, look at me—is there—is there any hope for me?"

"I think—perhaps—there is," she whispered. And the doctor, approaching with a bulletin from the sick-room, said softly back again, saying to himself:
"Poor Converse! This has been an unlucky day for him."—X. Y. Ladies' World.

VALUE OF SEPARATORS.

They Can Be Used to Advantage Wherever Five or More Cows Are Kept.

As the economy in using the separator in the dairy becomes better understood the number used will increase. It is a recognized fact that to secure the largest per cent. of fat in the milk there must be a speedy separation. Here is one of the principal advantages of the separator. The cream is taken out of the milk before it has had time to cool and before the milk has had time to be subjected to any considerable extent to deteriorating influences.

Milk so readily absorbs any odors that may be in the air after it cools that it is quite an item to get the cream from it before there has been an opportunity for the milk to come in contact with foul odors of any kind. Then, a good separator will take the cream more thoroughly out of the milk than is possible by any system of milk setting for cream raising. Any cream left in the milk is a direct loss that cuts into the profits.

Of course, getting practically all the cream is one of the greatest advantages of the separator, but it is not the only one. Taking the cream out before the milk has cooled gives it always sweet and there is a much better opportunity of ripening it uniformly; and in making of good butter uniformity in ripening of the cream is as important item.

It is essential to use the waste products to the best advantage. Having the skim milk perfectly sweet and fresh, as it is when the separator is used, affords a much better opportunity of using to the best advantage. The sweet skim milk is better to use in cooking and to feed to all kinds of young stock, so that more can be made out of it.

To this may be added the saving of time and labor, which helps to reduce the cost. Fewer utensils in handling the milk are needed and it is less work to properly care for a separator than for a creamery with the cans and other vessels when the cream-raising plan of management is followed.

Whenever five or more cows are kept and it is an item to make the most of the best butter from them, a good separator can be made to pay.—St. Louis Republic.

WAGON FOR ENSILAGE.

How to Get the Fodder to the Cutter from the Field Without Much Delay.

Where there is a large amount of corn to be cut up for ensilage, a number of teams are required, and much speed in getting the fodder to the cutter from the field. It is often necessary to extemporize a wagon to meet the demand. The cut shows such a device.

Two long pieces of joist are held the right distance apart by strips of board nailed across them. The forward ends are fastened upon the axle of a pair of farm wagon wheels, while trucks support the rear ends. A very good load could be hauled without the trucks by rounding off the rear ends of the joist, so they will drag easily over the ground. Such a frame is exceedingly handy, as it is light and can be approached so readily from all sides, there being no large wheels in the way.—Orange Judd Farmer.

HINTS FOR DAIRYMEN.

A cow that is not a profitable milk producer is a burden on the pocket book.
Will you warm the water for the cows this coming winter? It will pay you to do so.
Do not overfeed the calf. If you do you will soon have a calf that will not eat at all.
A cow that is thin skinned and whose skin does not move easily over the ribs, is not a good cow to select.
If you are not getting the best price for your butter, it is dead sure that your butter is not the best.
A good cow ought to have a capacious body, with plenty of room for the work of the organs.
Cows that are most nervous and feel or seem to feel pain, when milking, the most readily, are the best milkers.
Be sure to buy a true thermometer when you buy one. Some are so incorrect that they are absolutely useless.
In and in breeding will lower the standard of milk. Milk of a herd that tests first class, we have known finally, as the result of such breeding, to go below two per cent.
Old cows are difficult to fatten because their teeth are poor. If the

SEMINARY FOR SALE.

The valuable property known as the Tazewell Female Seminary is for sale. It is a new and large building and located on one of the principal streets of the town. It can be used for school or other purposes. For terms apply to
GEO. W. ST. CLAIR, Tazewell, Va.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes men strong, blood pure. 50c. St. All druggists.

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Sacrificed to Blood Poison.

Those who have never had Blood Poison can not know what a desperate condition it can produce. This terrible disease which the doctors are totally unable to cure, is communicated from one generation to another, inflicting its taint upon countless innocent ones.

Some years ago I was inoculated with poison by a nurse who infected my babe with blood taint. The little one was unwell, and the struggle, and its life was yielded up to the cruel poison. For six long years I suffered untold misery. I was covered with sores and ulcers from head to foot, and no medicine could express my feelings of woe during those years. I had the best medical treatment. Several physicians succeeded in treating me, but all to no purpose. The mercury and potash seemed to add fuel to the struggle, and I was advised by friends who had seen wonderful cures made by Dr. J. C. Williams' Specific. We got two bottles, and I felt hope again revive in my breast. I began to feel better, and I improved from the start, and a complete and perfect cure was the result. A. S. S. is the only blood remedy which reaches desperate cases.

Of the many blood remedies, S. S. S. is the only one which can reach deep-seated, violent cases. It never fails to cure perfectly and permanently the most desperate cases which are beyond the reach of other remedies.

S. S. S. For Blood